

## THE LADY'S

## MISCELLANY;

OR,

THE

## WEEKLY

## VISITOR.



FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XII.]

Saturday, March 2, 1811.

[NO. 19.]

## THE

## MONK OF THE GROTTO.

*A Tale.*

(Continued)

"I know, Madam," added he, observing she wished to interrupt him, "that you will tell me, the respect we owe to the memory of my deceased father, does not allow us to occupy ourselves with that ceremony, which I have been accustomed from my earliest youth to consider as the sanction of my happiness. I admit the propriety of the objection; and all I require is, that you will inform me of the remotest period you have fixed upon for the consummation of my wishes."

The countenance of the Countess, which, at the commencement of her son's address, appeared angry and forbidding, suddenly assumed a more engaging aspect. She appeared kind and affectionate.

"What, my dear Eugenio!" she exclaimed, "can you doubt the earnest desire I experience to behold the arrival of that day which shall crown your hopes? But you are sensible that the death of your father has left a variety of affairs which are necessary to be adjusted before the conclusion of your marriage. This precaution is even necessary, in order to insure to Virginia an independent fortune. The Marquis thinks as I do; and we have determined to defer your union till the ensuing summer. The apprehension of giving you uneasiness, by delaying it to so distant a period, has prevented my communicating our intentions to you sooner; but your conduct has now forced me to speak to you with frankness, and I hope you will not disapprove of those reasons which have induced the Marquis and myself to preserve silence upon a subject, which, nevertheless, has incessantly occupied our thoughts."

Eugenio felt extreme difficulty in restraining the grief which the discourse of his mother excited in his breast: but the purity and goodness of his soul would not allow him to entertain the least doubt, as to the sincerity of the motives by which she appeared actuated; he was, however, deeply affected at the idea of being compelled to defer, to so distant a period as eight months, an union which he had fondly hoped he was on the eve of concluding, and now more than ever had become the wish of his soul. He quitted the presence of his mother with a sad and dejected air, and hastened to give an account to Virginia of the conversation that had passed between them. The two lovers sought in their reciprocal tenderness, that courage and strength of mind which was necessary to enable them to submit to so unexpected a protraction of their happiness. The repetition of their vows of loving each other to the latest hour of their lives, formed the only consolation of which they were susceptible.

The winter passed away in gloomy sadness; that period of the year, in which Nature seems clad in mourning, pos-

sessed a melancholy accordance with the situation of Virginia and Eugenio. The heavy hours proceeded slowly in monotonous succession, unaccompanied with that sweet solace the preceding year had afforded, by the presence of those tender and affectionate parents who now rested in the silent grave.

Since the death of the Marchioness Spanozzi, the two families had lived together at Torre Vecchia. Virginia and her father occupied one of the towers, which formed the angle of the castle; the apartments of the Countess and Eugenio were in the center; and at the other extremity was the chapel, in the vaults of which were the tombs of the Counts of Caprara.

Virginia had for some time observed that the young Stefano, the son of Laurina, kept his eyes perpetually fixed upon her with an expression of earnestness which indicated a wish to communicate some secret. At length, one evening, as she was entering her apartment, she perceived Stefano at the door; as soon as he observed her, he made a sign to keep silence; then approaching her, he said, with a low voice—



"I have a circumstance to communicate to you highly interesting to your happiness; and I entreat you to favour me with a quarter of an hour's conversation."

Virginia, extremely surprised, desired him to follow her to her chamber. Stefano hastened to obey her; he listened whether any one was near; then, closing the door, addressed himself to Virginia, whose curiosity was excited to hear what he had to impart.

"My attachment, and the concern I feel in whatever relates to you," said he, "added to the gratitude with which the favours conferred by Eugenio have inspired me, will not allow me to conceal an event of the deepest importance to you both. About four months after the death of the Count, as I was retiring to my room, Rinaldo, the valet de chambre of the Marquis, desired me to follow him. He conducted me to an apartment near the chapel, where I found two men, whose persons were wholly unknown to me; as soon as they saw me they rose without uttering a word, I desired Rinaldo to inform me for what purpose he had conducted me there; but had scarce finished

my question, when the Marquis himself entered. He surveyed us with attention; then approaching Rinaldo, he said, 'it is well, I am satisfied; he added something which I could not distinctly hear, and then went out. Rinaldo drew a paper from his pocket, which he appeared to read attentively; after which he ordered me to remain where I was, and leaving me, proceeded to the chapel. Half an hour passed without any thing occurring, and during that period I in vain endeavoured to enter into conversation with the two persons he had left with me: but they persisted in observing the most profound silence. I confess I was somewhat terrified at these mysterious proceedings. At length the clock struck twelve, and soon after I perceived the Marquis enter, leading the Countess by the hand; they ordered us to follow them to the chapel, where we found the chaplain and Rinaldo. The altar was illuminated with a number of wax tapers; we were desired to place ourselves near the communion table.--- The chaplain opened a large book, and read the nuptial benediction. As soon as the ceremony was finished, Rinaldo, my companions and myself were desired to sign our names

as witnesses to the marriage of the Marquis and the Countess. The Marquis obliged us to take an oath not to divulge what had passed, until the period when he should think proper to make it public. I confess to you, Madam," said Stefano, "that the idea of you and Eugenio instantly occurred to my imagination, and produced the most lively sensations; I know not how to account for it, but the mysterious and secret manner in which this marriage was performed, struck me with a notion that all was not right; and while my companions swore on the holy gospels to preserve the secret required of them, I by a mental reservation, excluded you from the number of persons to whom I vowed never to reveal what I had witnessed. I have hitherto waited, in hopes of seeing your marriage with Eugenio concluded, but as the period appointed for it is suffered to elapse, without any mention of such an event, or preparations for its consummation, I have thought it my duty to inform you of all that has passed."

During this recital, Virginia several times changed colour. She thanked Stefano for his zeal, and dismissed him, after having requested him not to

let what he had communicated to her transpire. As soon as she found herself alone, she began to ruminate upon the extraordinary event of which she had just heard. The clandestine marriage of her father with the Countess filled her soul with inexpressible sorrow; a presentiment of some dreadful calamity oppressed her spirits; the tears trickled from her eyes, she clasped her hands in each other, looked intently on the earth, and in that attitude revolved in her mind the details of Eugenio's last conversation with his mother. She had stated the perplexity of the Count's affairs, as the only reason for retarding the marriage of his son. How then happened it that she had not herself waited for the adjustment of those affairs, before she consented to an union with the Marquis? Was it merely a pretence? Did she wish only to gain time, in order to break off her son's marriage altogether? Virginia, incapable of supporting the grief, which the bare supposition of such a possibility excited in her breast, fell on her knees, wept with all the bitterness of woe, and invoked the sacred memory of her departed mother.

*(To be Continued.)*

## HIGHLAND HEROISM.

OR THE

CASTLES OF

GLENCOE AND BALLOCH.

Glencoe Castle once stood in the most wild and uninhabitable parts of the highlands of Scotland. It was situated on the summit of a rock, the base of which was in the sea, and not more remarkable for its strength than its antiquity and gothic beauties. In it resided the yet beautiful widow of the valliant Earl of Glencoe, who was slain by the treachery of Ancolm, a neighbouring chief, proud, oppressive, and revengeful, who dwelt within a short distance of the castle. Many encounters had taken place between the clans of Glencoe and Balloch, in which the former had generally proved victorious. Ancolm finding himself rivalled in his power by the Earl, and limited in his ambition, conceived a deadly revenge for his neighbour, and determined to accomplish his destruction. In the battles which not long after took place he effected the caption of the earl by a curious manœuvre,

and then treacherously slew him. The loss of the chief was the total defeat of his clan, a few of whom only escaped to tell the fatal catastrophe to Henrietta, his wife. Incapable of retaliation, Henrietta withdrew from the public eye, and devoted her life to domestic comforts and the education of her children. One son and one daughter were the objects of her care. Allan was in his nineteenth year, and warmly gifted by nature with courage, abilities and benevolence. Matilda was just seventeen, and had all the accomplishments of her sex, with all the beauty and simplicity of youth. After twelve years were passed away Henrietta's grief had subsided into a sullen melancholy. Hitherto her attention had been solely directed to the task of rearing her children, but other fears and prospects now rose in her breast. At their age new influences and impressions were likely to be received, which would stamp their future happiness or misery.

When Allan understood the story of his father's death, his heart glowed to avenge the deed, and the clan, who had adored their late chief, was ready to second his endeavours;



they had long looked up to the time when the defeat they had incurred should be wiped away by victory, and their beloved earl be revenged.

Allan excelled in all the martial exercises, and in his amusements loved to wander in the rude and grand scenery, rather than the softer landscape. His mother saw the former prowess of the father rising to perfection in the son, and she imposed her commands on him not to risk the last of her remaining comforts, by engaging with a hostile and inveterate foe. It was in one of those rambles that, having strayed for some miles over hills covered with heath, and among the bold outlines of natural and rocky scenery, he lost the path which he had traversed, and in vain looked for the objects which had directed him. He remained for some time in silent dread, which was soon heightened to a degree of terror not to be endured. He called aloud, and no answer was returned. Having wandered some time, he came to a narrow pass, which he entered, overcome with fruitless search and fatigue. He had not advanced far, when a chasm in the rock suddenly

presented him with a most beautiful and romantic spot. It was a valley almost surrounded by a barrier of wild rocks, through which ran a torrent, that fell from the heights, and rushed into a fine lake, which was lost in the deep recesses of the mountains. Herds of cattle grazed in the bottom, and Allan was once more blessed with the sight of human habitations. He had yet to find a way to the Elysian vale, and was contemplating the best means of getting there, when his attention was once more engaged by a handsome highland peasant, who civilly offered to conduct him to his cottage, when he had learned the cause of his distress. Allan accepted his kind offer, and they descended the hill thro' an obscure and intricate path. They arrived at one of the cottages, which the earl had observed from the height, and Donald presented his guest to a venerable old man, his father. Allan, after resting himself a while, and partaking of some refreshments, spread by the hand of a charming young girl, departed, the young peasant walking with him as his guide. In their conversation Allan thought he discovered a mateliness of idea, and an ener-

gy corresponding with his own.

On their way they saw at a little distance the castle of Balloch, which produced a conversation upon the tyranny of its possessor, and the general disposition of the surrounding clans to rise and punish the murderer, if once put into insurrection. Allan, surprised at the boldness of Donald's expressions, and feeling their importance, could not forbear exclaiming, "O my father, by his villainy didst thou fall!" In an instant the whole truth flashed upon the mind of Donald, and, assured that he beheld the son of the lord whom from his infancy he had been taught to esteem, he sunk at his feet, and embraced his knees with ardour. The young earl raised him from the ground, and, hearing Donald affirm that there were other clans besides his own ready to avenge the wrongs of the late earl of Glencoe, he clasped his hand: but the image of his weeping mother crossed his mind, and he could only assure him then, that the time would come, when he should accept of his services with the gratitude they deserved. It was evening when they reach-

ed the castle, and Donald remained with the earl that night.

The following day was the celebration of an annual festival, and Allan would not suffer his friendly peasant to depart. Merriment resounded through the castle, and in the morning were performed some martial exercises, in which emulation was to be excited by appropriate rewards. The Countess and her lovely daughter beheld the feats from the castle, and were surprised to see the stranger Donald bear off each prize of chivalry. He afterwards received the palm of victory from the earl, and was seated by him at the feast which followed. At the end of it each guest arose, and seizing his goblet with his left hand, and with his right striking his sword, drank to the memory of their departed lord; and this was followed by drinking to the honour of the son of their late master.

Allan knew what was required of him, and he harangued them in favour of war and revenge. The whole assembly then crossed their swords, and swore never to abandon the cause, in which they were en-

gaged, till their enemy had paid the debt due to justice, and their murdered chief. In the evening the peasantry had free ingress to the festivity of the castle, and as it had been an old custom for the daughter of the chief to dance with the victor of the morning, Matilda and Donald thus became partners; and the admiration of the spectators were equally divided between the performances of the graceful and modest pair. She retired in joy to the gallery, and the night concluded with pleasure to all but the earl and Donald. The former burned with filial duty to his father's memory, and resolved, after acquainting Henrietta with his design, to rise and prosecute his cause with arms. The bosom of Donald in vain endeavoured to exclude the charming image of his partner. He arose at the dawn, and departed from the castle with a heart full of love, and eagerly anxious to prepare his friends for the approaching struggle.

(To be Continued.)

An Irishman seeing a wicked little boy busily employed in throwing stones at the gallows, called out lustily, "Go it! my little fellow, go it! I will be answerable that you'll come to your mark at last!"

The SPECULATOR.

NUMBER XVIII.

SATURDAY, Feb. 23, 1811.

*Farum habet in cornu, longe fuge,  
dummodo risum  
Excutiat sibi, non hic cuiquam par-  
cet amico.*

HOR.

It is a lamentable fact, that the great *majority* of mankind are always ready to expose the faults and foibles of others, without paying a strict attention *themselves* to that rule of conduct, prescribed for our benefit, by laws both moral and divine. 'Tis their chief delight to undermine and blast the reputation of their neighbours; to enumerate their failings, and derogate from their virtues: while, alas! how seldom do we see *one* champion come forward in defence of injured innocence. Yet it is to be hoped (however few) there are *some* who have a just contempt for the circulators of invidious falsehoods, and would pity those who suffer under the malignant lash of slander and misrepresentation. The most baneful species of calumny proceeds from envy, a passion inherent (I had almost said) in the breast of every created be-



ing. It is impossible for an envious person to be a calm spectator of another's happiness; he cannot look on with delight, and see a fellow creature whom fortune has favoured, walk in a higher sphere than that, in which a beneficent providence has thought proper to place him; and even allowing, that he is upon an equality with the greatest, his restless mind is continually racking itself, to find out some invention, whereby he may destroy the peace of a competitor. In fine, those who are even prostrated by the chilling hand of poverty, possess a certain tranquillity, of which he seeks to deprive them. Envy, as I antecedently remarked, is *not* confined exclusively within the bosoms of the great; far from it, for its deadly poison is universally diffused, as well throughout the dwelling of the *prince*, as the cottage of the *peasant*; and the only means of gratifying the mind upon which it acts, is to have recourse to detraction; *base* and *despicable* descension! How common is it to behold an envious man propagating reports injurious to the character of another, when his own reputation is sullied with the very crimes of which he (perhaps)

*unjustly* charges the party accused; but he conceives, that the condemnation of them in another, will blind the world with respect to his own enormity; and secretly delights himself with the vain supposition, that the curtain of deceit will for ever exclude the prying eye of justice and rectitude from viewing the dark and nefarious acts committed by him, under the *garb* of morality. Mistaken notion! It may, in truth, screen him for a time, long enough perchance to answer his malicious purposes, and heap infamy and ruin on the unhappy victim, marked out to fall a sacrifice on the altar of malignant perversion. But it will not be always thus, the time must come, when conscience will be no longer silenced, and the wrongs he hath done another will revert to himself with redoubled force. The immortal British bard did well, when he compared the loss of gold as nothing to that of a good name: a ruined fortune by industry may be regained; but the lamp of reputation once extinguished, who shall rekindle? If slanderers would take a retrospective view of the unfortunate consequences that have ensued from *wilful* misrepresentation, and

the unlicensed liberty of their poisonous tongues, they would at an immediate glance have represented to them scenes at which humanity ought to shudder. Calumniator! whoever thou art, endeavour to eradicate your predominant passion; never be industrious to spread malevolent reports to injure the fame of thy brother man; if he offend thee, forgive him, and his faults and errors cover over with the mantle of friendship. Harken not to the *mean* detailer of characters, for, as Lord Chesterfield very justly remarks, "there would be no evil speakers if there were no evil *hearers*; it is in *scandal* as it is in *robbery*—the *receiver* is as bad as the *thief*." There are many things committed by some men when under the influence of certain passions; and those things present only their dark side to a misjudging world. Is it justice then, to arraign, judge and condemn the unhappy person, whose lot it is, not to be quite so circumspect as others, *unheard, unconfounded*? No man, who feels like a *man*, can help answering no. If one of this supposed faulty description, was to be tried for such fault with candour, and had the privilege, or even

chance of assigning reasons for his conduct, that which would be magnified by the *lacerators of reputation* into an heinous crime, would appear to the greater part of the community an act too trifling for notice. Neither is pleasure an inmate of the bosom wherein the corroding passion of *slander* and *envy* have taken up their abode; no, the *wretch* whose breath carries with it contamination, may feel a transient glow at the sight of fallen virtue, yet he may long snatch at *real* pleasure, but will never find the object attainable. *Solid* happiness can alone be his, whose great mind scorns to stoop to the low and unmanly acts of those whose constant study is, to find out some one whom they may render odious in the eyes of the world; and who adheres strictly to the following scriptural maxim—That to be good and *truly* great, is uniformly *to do unto others as you would wish others to do unto you.* R.

---

PUN.

Mr. — was a great calumniator, and a frequenter of other persons' tables. It was said of him, that he never opened his mouth but at another man's expence.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

## VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

## A CALEDONIAN COURTSHIP.

A son of medicine verging to his climacterick, breathed out his amorous sighs to the daughter of a Scotch Peer. The Lady, prone to jocularity, seemed to listen to his suit, solely for that entertainment, which grey pated folly produces in assuming the characteristics of juvenility. The doctor, one day, was to pay a visit in form to the goddess of his idolatry; on this occasion he was determined to be as Adonis like in habiliments as possible. It is requisite to be known that the doctor was a man who scorned to be thought of the sect of Peripateticks; when he appeared it was in the equestrian style. On such an important event as the present, resolving to be spruce, he took an immaculate shirt, not on, but in his pocket, prudently considering, that in the action of riding, its purity might have been tarnished; to prevent this he resolved to put it on when he should come within a small distance of the scene of his wishes. When

arrived at the settled distance, the doctor proceeded to disrobe himself of his upper garments, still sitting on his horse; his hat, wig, coat and waistcoat were taken off and laid upon the pommel of the saddle. In this critical moment, malignant fate designing, his faithful Pegasus received a fright from somewhat in the road! Off sat Rosinante with the doctor in *demi nudity*, and ran with him (instinctively knowing, from frequency in going, his master's destination) to the door of the very house he had hoped to enter, with every minutia of dress adjusted. His Quixote like appearance threw the family into such paroxisms of laughter, as precluded the operation of speech, or means of assisting the distressed doctor.

HONOR AMONG  
THIEVES.

That there is sometimes honor among thieves is proved by the following circumstance: A Lady walking across some fields, in the neighborhood of Islington, observed two very suspicious looking fellows, who seemed watching an opportunity of robbing her, as they took the same road with herself, and kept at a very little



distance from her. Her alarm was increased by observing a fellow, with a similar appearance, in a pathway at a distance; but as the case did not admit of hesitation, she beckoned him to stop, and addressed him with an air of confidence; 'Sir, you look like a gentleman, I don't like the appearance of those fellows behind us, I think they intend to rob me; will you protect me?' Madam, replied the man, I will attend you until you are out of danger. You will see when I wave my handkerchief, the two men who have alarmed you will *sheer off*. They are my companions, and we intended to rob you; but when confidence is reposed in me, I am not scoundrel enough to betray it. He attended, until she came in sight of her own house, where she offered him a guinea as a reward for his protection; but he refused it, adding, he hoped he had more *honor* left, than to *sink* his character to the level of a *lawyer's*. *Let the black-robe gentry take fees; I am above it.*

The Laird of M'Nab was writing to one of his friends from Edenburg Coffee-House when a gentleman of his ac-

quaintance observed, that he was setting at defiance the laws of orthography and grammar. 'D—n your blood!' exclaimed the highland chieftain, 'how can a man write grammer *with a pen like this*.'

#### NOBODY'S COMPLAINT.

Aye Noby—and why not? As far as my single self, I see no just cause or impediment why my name and a newspaper should not be joined together in the tenuous bands of scribbling wedlock, as any other body. There is your Busybody, and your Anybody, and your Somebody, and your Everybody; each in his turn run the race of typographical notoriety; whilst I, who boast a pedigree as great, nay, being eldest of the Body family, of greater antiquity than either, am doomed to grope through labyrinths of mere verbal consequence. Against such an unequal distribution of rights among brethren of the same principle, and the same texture, I solemnly protest, and more especially against the unhallowed profanation of my good name and character. Yes, in my own proper capacity I am resolved to defend both; and, contrary to a certain dog-

ma of philosophers, prove, that I, *No-body*, possess the fundamental principles, of a *real* body of matter ! inasmuch as I occupy *space*, to wit, length and breadth ; though as for *depth* I do not contend.

All my enemies—that is, all the world, utter daily calumnies on my fame. Ought I not then to avenge it ?

Says Goody Gaffer, ‘ Tim ! you will be the ruin of you family : carousing every night. Who was with you last night ? ’ ‘ With me, mother *Nobody* ! ’

Little master lets fall a glass ; it breaks ; in comes the nurse— ‘ Sirrah ! who did this ? ’— ‘ *No-body* ! ’

Miss has a lover ; he stays late ; next morning a female friend gets a hint of it—for the *balmy breeze whispers these things to the sex* : She calls on her, and after some chit-chat, drily observes— ‘ Why really, Melinda, you seem indisposed to-day : I fear you rested ill last night. Oh ! while I think of it, prithee what rude creature kept thee up so unseasonably ? ’ ‘ Rude ! me up ! (stammering and crimsoning) why--why--*Nobody* ! ’ (when I’d swear by the ghost of a shadow, that I never saw the hussey.)

Obadiah Primrose is a beau ; he struts about big with himself ; wears a frizzled crop, bolster cravat, three inch vest, sack pantaloons, suwarrow boots, with tassels ; carries a six inch rattan and visits the ladies.

The other day in a large circle, whilst officiously pressing a lady to take some lemonade, which she had repeatedly declined, he turned a part of it upon her gown. A friend, who sat near, but did not at the moment see the transaction, shortly after, observing her gown soiled, enquiring who did it ? Maria twisting up the tip of her nose, and glancing at Obadiah, replied, with burlesque solemnity, ‘ Alas ! *Nobody* ! ’ What an insult to my name !



#### Original Anecdote.

A quarrelsome person once had a dispute with an antagonist of some calmness ; the latter undertook to reason with the irritable gentleman, and observed, that as to the *first* point—D--n me, sir, do you come to *points*, (said our Hector) if you do, (drawing his sword) I’m at you, in a minute. No man shall *point* at me without receiving a *thrust*.



## LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, March 2, 1811.

*"Be it our task,**To note the passing tidings of the time.*

## WANTED

*At this office, two Apprentices,  
to the Printing business.*

## SHIPWRECK.

The brig Salem, captain Cartwright, from New-Orleans for this port, after having been within Sandy-Hook, and endeavouring several days to reach port, is cast away on the south side of Long-Island, and vessel and cargo totally lost.

*Loss of the Revenge.*

A Court of Enquiry was some time since convened on board the frigate Constitution, for the purpose of investigating the causes which led to the loss of the U. S. schooner Revenge, (wrecked on the 9th ult. on Watch Hill reef) and we are now gratified in being able to state that Lieut. Perry, (her commander) has been honourably acquitted of all blame on the occasion, and that his conduct has met the approbation of the Secretary of the Navy. *Con. Gaz.*

Extract of a letter from Gaspe, dated Dec 30, 1810.

"In a violent tempest on the 3d Nov, and within a few miles of my residence, a large ship apparently in ballast, consequently bound to Quebec, was dashed to pieces against our unmerciful cliffs, and not a living person escaped. The whole were literally crushed to atoms, and the only memento left us of the shocking catastrophe is collected from the fragments of the boat, in the words "Isabella, Peter Johnson."

Destroyed by fire, the stables and smoke house of Beverly Randolph, esq. at Manchester, Virginia—The carriage shop of William Walker, Stratford, Connecticut.

Dr. Franklin used to say, that "rich widows were the only species of second-hand goods that sold at prime cost."

## MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening, the 26th inst. by the rev. Mr. Coleman, Mr. Andrew Kelly, to Miss Mary M Stay, both of this city.

On the 14th inst. at the seat of Mrs. Mason, in Loudon county, Virginia, Benjamin Howland, esq governor of the Louisiana territory to Miss Mary Thomson Mason, daughter of Stephen Thomson Mason, esq. deceased.

At Red Hook, on the 17th inst. by the rev. Mr. Keteltas, Mr. John Constable, of the city of Schenectady, to Miss Susan Maria Livingston, daughter of Gilbert R Livingston esq of the former place.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Cooper, Mr John C. Luff, to Miss Eliza Smith Linenthall, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 14th inst. by the rev Seth Hart, Dr. Austin Chapman, to Miss Sarah Morrell, daughter of Mr. John Morrell sen. all of Great Neck, Queen's county, Long-Island.

On Monday the 18th inst. at Rye. by the rev. Mr. Hargil Mr. Benjamin G. Barker, of the house of S & B G. Barker of this city, to Miss Deborah Purdy, of the former place.

At Mount Pleasant, on Sunday, 17th inst. by the rev. Mr Nelson, Mr John Wills, of this city, to Miss Maria Leacock, of the former place.

Near Albany Isaac Fonday, of Albany, to Miss Martha Townsend.

In Ulster county, Thomas N. Jansen, to Miss Sarah Van Guasbeck.

In this city, Mr. John Timpson, to Miss Mary W Gilchrist.

At Albany, Garret Van Sant Bleeker, to Miss Margaret Vander Voort.

## DIED.

On the 21st inst in the 70th year of her age. Mrs. Mary Magdalen Will, widow of the late Henry Will, esq.

At Albany, Jonathan Warner, jun.

At Canajoharie, Mrs. Maria Wynkoop.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Richard Robertson, aged 69.

In Ohio, Col Oliver Spencer, formerly of Elizabethtown.

On the 19th ult. in the 55th year of her age, Mrs. Hannah Thaw, wife of Mr. Benjamin Thaw, of Philadelphia.

At Alexandria, Mrs. Mary Chandler, aged 22, and daughter of Mr. Samuel Gardner Fowler, of Newport.





"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,  
The Muses sung in strains alternate."

.....  
*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

### LINES

*On reading the Debates of Congress  
respecting General Eaton's Gold  
Medal.*

—  
Written at Gibraltar, by William Ray,  
one of the captives from Tripoli.

And is it then a subject of debate,  
With these wise Solon's in the house of  
state,  
Whether should Derna's conqueror  
stand or fall?  
Or matchless bravery meet reward at all?  
Whether should Eaton, unexampled  
brave,  
Who fought to rescue, and who bled to  
save  
Three hundred hapless souls from chains  
and death,  
Whose lives hung trembling on a mur-  
derer's breath;  
Whether his name descend to future  
days  
On the bright medal of a nation's praise;

Or should his trophies be by all forgot,  
Mix with the rubbish of the times and  
rot?

"Small was his force—half naked were  
his foes,  
And tho' so numerous, easy to oppose!"  
Thus argues Randolph; Clay the same  
avows,  
And fain would pluck the laurel from his  
brows;  
The sword of victory from his hand  
would wrest,  
And tear the badge of valour from his  
breast.  
Then thank them not, though justice  
still is found,  
And grateful Honour wreaths his tem-  
ples round.

And was it nought those burning sands  
t'explore,  
Where feet of Christians never trod be-  
fore?  
Where Freedom's banners ne'er had  
been unfurl'd,  
Since the bold Romans flourish'd o'er  
the world?  
Midst fierce barbarians, whom no laws  
can bind,  
Wild as the waves, and treach'rous as  
the wind,  
To rear that standard, and so long de-  
fend,  
With less than twelve on whom he could  
depend?  
To storm a citadel of ten-fold might,  
And hold that fortress, till the flag of  
white  
Woo'd him to yield it, at the voice of  
peace,  
And give his captur'd countrymen re-  
lease?  
For Eaton's boldness first appall'd the  
foe,  
Who, aw'd like Pharoah, let the peo-  
ple go.

When the blest shade of Washington,  
 above,  
 Saw the bold chief thro' Lybian deserts  
 move,  
 The sword of vengeance waving in the  
 sky,  
 Resolv'd to free his countrymen or die;  
 Those patriot few attending on his way,  
 His visage beam'd a more celestial ray;  
 To Warren and Montgomery shew'd  
 the sight,  
 Then sunk in glory and absorb'd in  
 light!  
 Oh! did he live! did Vernon's boast  
 again  
 Shine in the field, or in our councils  
 reign,  
 His voice from Eaton never would with-  
 hold,  
 Altho' with pearls enrich'd, the bur-  
 nish'd gold,  
 But by his hand would ardently be prest  
 The conscious symbol to his dauntless  
 breast.  
 Then let mean envy Randolph's spite  
 betray;  
 And dart thy arrows, impious hand of  
 Clay!  
 The hand of Heaven, for Heaven re-  
 wards the brave,  
 Shall bless thee Eaton, e'en beyond the  
 grave;  
 While gratitude shall warm Columbia's  
 breast,  
 Thy name shall live—thy merit stand  
 confest;  
 Thy deeds shall brighten on th' historic  
 page  
 Year after year, and age succeeding  
 age;  
 Wreaths of thy fame, transferr'd by  
 bards sublime,  
 Shall bloom for ever, mid the wreck of  
 time.

*Epitaph for Sir John Vanbrugh.*

By Dr. Evans.

Lie heavy on him Earth! for he  
 Laid many heavy loads on thee!

### FOR SALE,

A NEGRO GIRL, aged between 15  
 and 16. Also, A BOY, about 7.

For price and particulars, inquire at  
 the Office of Oliver Waldron, Junr. No.  
 62, Cherry-street,

### MUSICAL ACADEMY.

FOR teaching various kinds of Mu-  
 sical, Wind and String Instruments, in  
 a short, true, and comprehensive man-  
 ner as will be most advantageous to  
 those who learn as above specified, and  
 render themselves capable of enjoying  
 the pleasure of this art, on moderate  
 terms, by JAMES H. HOFFMAN  
 No. 51, Anthony-street.

\* Also—Military Bands, may, upon  
 application as above, be taught correctly,  
 and receive the true method for any in-  
 strument to complete the same. Oct 23

### TO LET.

AT Richard Ford's Porter House,  
 No. 12, Rosevelt-street, a large and  
 commodious Room, suitable for a  
 School, or Military instructions, Balls,  
 Societies; and the same having a stage  
 with scenery, is well adapted for Pub-  
 lick Recitations, Lecturing, or Juvenile  
 performances.

N. B. Free and Easy, on every Tues-  
 day Evening. Commence at 7 o'clock  
 at the above place. Dec 22

### NOTICE.

FOR Sale, or Exchanged for property  
 of every sort, several valuable tracts and  
 parcels of Land, well situated, and sev-  
 eral years credit will be given, for most  
 of the purchase money or property by  
 installments to suit purchasers. Also,  
 Land Warrants, and patents for Land,  
 in the best soil and climate in America,  
 sold very low with the Governor's re-  
 commendations and others. Also for  
 the accommodation of the public, money  
 will be advanced on portable property,  
 on reasonable terms, by applying to

T. H. BRANTINGHAM,

No. 97, William-Street.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY  
 SAMUEL B. WHITE,  
 No. 317 Water-street, New-York:  
 AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.